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Thou teacher raised of God,
To stand and tell by that brave life of thine,—
Like to the grand old prophet—brotherhood,
The wondrous story of the love divine;

Thou teacher called of God,
We love to think. His great plan to fulfil,
Within the realm of spirits wise and sweet,
That thou, thou spirit pure, art teaching still.

The Growth of International Goodwill.*

BY REV. H. M. SIMMONS OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Social harmony is a thing of slow growth. At first not even the family had much of it. The Bible represents the very founder of Israel as deceiving his dying father to rob his twin brother—represents his sons in turn as selling their best brother into slavery and nearly slaying him; and the story, however to be treated, is true enough of primitive society. Even when the family was united, it was in frequent feud with others, and we are wont to say the primitive state of man was war.

But families learned to unite in clans, and these again in tribes. Within the tribe, the former quarrels ceased, and people who hated found it was wiser to help each other. But they of course remained hostile to outsiders, and thought it sacred duty to plunder them; so that Pathan and Afridi mothers would pray that their sons might become skilful thieves, and the Turkoman who stole most became a saint and had pilgrimages made to his tomb. The Dyaks, though described as among themselves "humane to a degree that might well shame" us, were yet famed for ferocity to others, and their gentlest maiden would show no favor to her lover until he brought an enemy's skull to adorn the bridal chamber, and wanted two or three more to give good omen to the birth of her babe. Countless savages have shown this contrast, being very brotherly within the tribe, but very brutes beyond it. It is growing harmony, but still the narrow harmony of a hornet's nest.

But with further progress, either by conquest or consent, tribes are united in larger groups, and these at length in a nation, which much extends the harmony. Through its own territory, it stops those intertribal quarrels, and in their place establishes peace, law, order, industry, new civilization. Peace still further cultivates kindly feelings, so that most ancient nations proclaimed humane principles, and the literature not only of Israel, but of Egypt, India and Greece is full of charitable precepts. Plato, ten generations before Christ, summed up the duties of an Athenian in the prayer: "May I, being of sound mind, do to others as I would that they should do to me;" and already the ideal of the golden rule was familiar from Athens to the ends of Asia. Patriotism was carried to an extreme that we can hardly conceive to-day—and Cicero said no man could be called good unless willing to die for his country.

But it was only patriotism. That humanity was only national, and not thought owed to aliens. Egypt, with all her praise of kindness, glorified cruelty toward other nations. Greeks, though more humane, hardly tried to be so to foreigners, and Plato in proclaiming that golden

rule, did not mean that it was to be practiced toward barbarians. Even the Israelites, however divine they thought the Decalogue for home use, long thought it their duty to break it in dealing with other nations. The Bible tells how Joshua carefully inscribed upon the stones of his altar in Mt. Ebal "the law of Moses," including of course the command "Thou shalt not kill," and then went right on to kill all the people in those Canaanitish cities, "left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed." Of course we need not suppose that he really was so cruel, and the Bible itself goes on to tell us that right after his death those very cities and peoples which he had so "utterly destroyed" were still flourishing, undisturbed by the annihilation. But the story shows the ideals all the same. Early Israelites, like other ancient peoples, while attaining to high standards of humanity in their own nation, had little thought of practicing these beyond its limits.

But in time, chiefly through conquest, nations were in turn united in a larger federation which stopped their mutual strife and brought an international peace. Even Alexander's conquests brought such a union for a time; and Plutarch says of him: "Conceiving that he was sent of God to unite all together, he formed of a hundred diverse nations a single body," and "desired that all should regard the world as their common country."

This principle was carried further under Roman rule, which, with all the wrongs it wrought, still joined warring peoples from the British isles to the Euphrates in comparative peace. In this wider union, patriotism outgrew its national limits into something like humanity. Cicero urged "charity to the whole human race," and, Lecky says, "maintained the doctrine of universal brotherhood as distinctly as it was afterward maintained by the Christian Church." Even religious tolerance was so advanced that Merivale says the Romans, in the height of their power, allowed "every race and every man among their subjects to worship his God after his own fashion" in the very shadow of Jupiter's temple on the Capitol. The golden rule was extended beyond Plato's thought. Varro wrote: "What we wish for ourselves, we should wish for others, and this affection, extending outward from the city, should embrace the whole group of nations that form humanity." That idea was common among the Stoics in the century before Christ.

The old eagerness for conquest decayed. Some 30 years B. C. the temple of Janus was closed, for the first time in 600 years, it was said, and there began that great peace so famous as the "Pax Romana," which was destined, Duruy says, "to draw the nations together," and "to be the real imperial divinity to whom the greatest of the Roman emperors, Augustus, Vespasian and Trajan, will build temples." Poetry sang its praise. Horace, in his first ode, says wars are "detested by mothers," and many a writer spoke as if they were detested by all. Tibullus begins an elegy by asking who was the brute who first forged swords. Virgil declares "the cursed insanity of war," "scelerata insania belli." Nor did even this equal the censure of Cicero who long before had written, "I prefer the most unjust peace to the most just war." The sentiment continued. In the time of the Apostles, the pagan Lucan predicted the time when the world "will cast aside its weapons and all nations will learn to love." Somewhat later in that first century, the noted temple of

* A paper read at the Omaha Congress of Religions in October, 1898.

Peace was built at Rome, and became the chief receptacle of works of art, the favorite gathering place of artists and the learned. Most of the second century was marked by general peace; and eighty years of it are what, Gibbon says, scholars would "without hesitation" call "the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous." And though corruptions within and barbaric invasions from without soon brought evils enough in that empire; still, at the end of the fourth century, the last great Latin poet, Claudian, sings the blessings of that union of nations, which has, he says, joined "remote peoples by a pious bond," "cherished the human race by a common name," so that strangers may find a home wherever they go, may travel to furthest Thule, drink from the Rhone and the Orontes, and "we are all one race."

It looked as if we might remain one. For now had been established in that empire a religion whose central principle was peace and brotherhood. That principle, nobly taught by Jewish prophets and broadened by later Rabbis, had at length been preached with especial emphasis by the early Christians. They taught that Jesus had been born with the angelic announcement of "peace on earth"; that in one beatitude he had blessed the meek, in another the merciful, and in a third had glorified "peace-makers" with the very highest name of "sons of God"; that he had ordered to love even enemies, to forgive 70 times 7 times, and even when smitten on one cheek to turn the other. True to these teachings, many early Christians had refused to fight even in self-defence; and a "powerful party, which counted among its leaders Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Origen, Lactantius and Basil, maintained that all warfare was unlawful for those who had been converted." Such promise was there of harmony among the nations. The Roman empire and the "Pax Romana" had united them and removed their national prejudices; stoicism had preached peace and universal brotherhood as a philosophy; and the Christianity, which was now established, had preached them more powerfully as a religion taught by a very God.

But this onward movement was soon reverted and curiously reversed. The very emperor who had established Christianity, made it martial, took even its sacred cross, inscribed with the monogram of Christ, as the standard of his imperial armies, and so, says Dean Milman, "the meek and peaceful Jesus became a God of battle." Still more warlike did Christianity grow by opposing and absorbing the barbarians who conquered the Roman empire. More warlike still did it become by its conflict with Mohammedans. The Arabs had been peculiarly a fighting people; and their traditions told of 1,700 battles before Mahomet, and one war of forty years occasioned by two horses. This spirit was kept by Mohammedans, and caught by Christianity in its conflict with them. Says Lecky: "The spirit of Mohammedanism slowly passed into Christianity, and transformed it into its own image. For about two centuries every pulpit in Christendom proclaimed the duty of war with the unbeliever, and represented the battlefield as the sure path to heaven. The religious orders which arose united the character of the priest with that of the warrior, and when, at the hour of sunset, the soldier knelt down to pray before his cross, that cross was the handle of his sword.

It would be impossible to conceive any more complete transformation than Christianity had undergone."

This martial spirit which Christians acquired by conflict with the heathen, they continued in their contests with each other and with heretics. There came many and long wars expressly called "religious," in which different branches of the church sought to annihilate one another in the name of their common Lord, and in disobedience to his whole teaching. Instead of forgiving, they fought. Instead of presenting their cheeks, they presented their swords. Instead of loving their enemies, they butchered each other. For centuries, wars were continued in the professed service of him who gave his highest blessing to peace-makers, and cities were sacked and men burned to cinders in the name of the religion of love. As Tennyson says: "Christian love among the churches looked the twin of heathen hate."

Even after religious wars were ended, there remained those of the rival nations which had risen from the ruins of the Roman empire. Within the territory which Stoic emperors had kept in comparative peace, these Christian nations, for the sake of petty provinces or pettier principles, fought each other in frequent wars and with an extent of slaughter which makes the battles of barbarians look innocent. The Seven Years' war, for instance, destroyed nearly a million lives, and Napoleon's campaigns over two millions. The wars besides left a barbarous legacy of international bitterness, and S. C. Hall says the three chief precepts taught him when a child were to be a good boy, and love his mother, and hate the French.

But wise men had long been asking why this international hostility and all the waste, and worse, that it brought. Why take such pains to abolish violence in every nation, and then cultivate it on a vastly larger scale between nations? If justice is so good a thing, why stop it at the state line? Why punish the stealing of a coat or a cow, then praise the stealing of whole countries? Why hang the citizen who murders one man, and then honor the ruler who murders a million? Is the moral law altered by office or epaulettes? Why call it disgraceful for two men to fight with fists, but glorious for two armies to join in fight infinitely more ferocious and fatal? If courts are such a blessing in every nation, why not have them between nations?

These questions were asked by many thinking men, such as Henry IV., St. Pierre, Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte. Among them should be especially noticed Voltaire. John Morley says: "We can never honor Voltaire too long nor too deeply" for this, since "he was the first influential writer who deliberately placed war among retrograde agencies, and deliberately dwelt upon peaceful industry as the true life of nations." But hardly less emphatic was our own Ben. Franklin. Long before Gen. Sherman said "war is hell," Franklin called it so. In 1781 he wrote a story of an angel visiting earth and seeing the fight of the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. At sight of the sinking ships and savage slaughter, the angel cried to his guide, "You blundering blockhead, you have brought me, not to earth, but to hell." "No," replied the guide, "this is earth and these are men. Devils never treat each other in this cruel manner. They have more sense, and more of what men vainly call humanity." And everybody knows how Franklin wrote, "There never was a good war." Even Carlyle, in his "Sartor Resar-

tus," took pains to show what he called "the net purport and upshot of war," by that vivid picture of thirty men from an English village and thirty more from a French, sent to the battlefield to face each other, each with a gun in his hand. At the word "Fire!" "they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead corpses which it must bury and anon shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the slightest!" They slew each other only because their governments ordered.

Such censures of the war system increased. Daniel O'Connell said no political question was worth the shedding of a drop of blood. Lowell, in those scathing "Biglow Papers," denounced even the war in which his country was engaged at the time; for, as he makes Parson Wilbur say, "our true country" is not a certain territory, but "that ideal realm, bounded on the north, south, east and west by justice," and "there is a patriotism of soul, whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty." This truer "patriotism" orders him to oppose his government. Hosea Biglow still more pointedly says, "ez fer war, I call it murder," "it's curus Christian dooty, this 'ere cuttin' folks' throats"; and he has a special stanza against "them editors" who have been stirring up the war that none of them go to, and whom he compares to a peach that has got "the yellows," "with the meanness bustin' out." Elsewhere, too, Lowell tells of the countless "battles which proved nothing and settled nothing, conquests which shifted the boundaries on the map, and put one ugly head instead of another on the coins that the people payed to the tax-gatherer." About the same time, Charles Sumner gave those learned and logical addresses showing not only the wickedness, but the wastefulness of the system under which a single warship in Boston harbor has cost more than all the accumulated wealth of Harvard College, and the mere annual expenses of that ship were four times as much as those of Harvard; and concluding with the declaration, "There can be no war that is not dishonorable." So was the system regarded by wise men in growing number, and Buckle in his great book forty years ago treated war as an evil which was soon to become obsolete.

But of course the mass of the people thought otherwise. They naturally still kept the opinions and feelings that had prevailed in their ancestors for a thousand years. And it has to be admitted that they were encouraged in this by the very clergy. Lecky says the Christian clergy, as a whole, since Constantine, have increased rather than diminished wars. Voltaire rebuked those of his day for preaching against petty evils and ignoring this greatest one which contained "all crimes" and did more harm than "all the vices combined"; and he said they "declaim for five quarters of an hour against the mere pricks of a pin, and say no word on the curse which tears us into a thousand pieces." In England also the established clergy, even up to our own times, have almost unanimously supported war, and left the Christian words against it to be spoken by dissenters and even so-called infidels; so that a wit said that Bradlaugh, the atheist, ought to be made Archbishop of Canterbury, since he had preached Jesus' principles of peace, while that dignitary had denied them. In this country, too, the clergy have generally favored not only particular wars, but war in itself. Francis A. Walker, in 1869, published a

notable magazine article about this. He said that in five years' pretty constant attendance at church, and from fifty different pulpits, he had "not heard a single discourse which was devoted to the primitive Christian idea of peace, or which contained a perceptible strain of argument or appeal for international goodwill." He told of a clergyman who went through the eastern towns advocating a war with England; and of another eminent D. D., who advocated it at the General Assembly of his denomination. He told of a convention of clergymen in Boston, where the proposal from a member that they unite in prayer for the aversion of the Franco-Prussian war and for the peaceable solution of the trouble, was greeted by the president with a violent speech in which "war was exalted as the great agent of human progress, and the poor peace-maker, anything but blessed, was morally hustled out of the convention, and victory remained with the fighting parson." Gen. Walker said further, "the unquestionable fact is that the clergy are the most demoralized body in the community in this respect," since they ignore the economic principles against war, while their ardent feelings or prejudices prevent them from taking a true moral view of it. So Gen. Sherman said to a body of clergymen in Washington: "You gentlemen in black coats are the men who make war; we of the army and navy simply end the wars which you bring on." With even the preachers of the "Prince of Peace" showing such favor for war, no wonder the people do.

And we know how they do, in England at any rate. A few weeks ago so prominent an Englishman as Sir Wilfrid Lawson wrote of the British wars of the present year as follows: "A few thousands massacred last Good Friday at the Atbara filled Englishmen with joy during the holy Easter season, and whetted our appetite for what has followed on a larger scale at Khartoum. The reports indicate that our perfected machinery of slaughter has been effective in mowing down some 10,000 or 12,000 men who were fighting for their country; and in wounding a still larger number who at this very moment are lingering out their last moments in indescribable agony in the holes and hiding places into which they have crept to die. Such, sir, are the glorious doings for which bishops are thanking God, poets are writing impassioned sonnets, and over which almost all our able leader writers in the press are waxing more or less hysterical with delight."

And we know how the people of this country, and especially of the West, have been growing eager for war with some country or other. This is well illustrated in an article in the last (September) number of the "Nineteenth Century" by the eminent Edward Dicey. He told how, about three years ago, at a dinner given to some Americans in London, he was seated beside a man who had served with distinction in our civil war, and was now a leading citizen of San Francisco and a prominent California financier. The after-dinner speeches had dwelt as usual on the brotherhood of the British and American nations, and their common Anglo-Saxon mission to advance the peace and prosperity of the world. After listening to them, the Californian remarked that while he personally agreed with all that in principle, it was not true in fact, at least as far as the West was concerned; for, said he, "in the West we are spoiling for a war."

"With whom?" asked Mr. Dicey. "With England, for choice," replied the Californian, "but as long as they can get a war with somebody, it does not matter much with whom." "But what is the cause of 'this bellicose sentiment?'" asked Mr. Dicey. "Well," the Californian replied, "it might be partly caused by dull trade, low wages, hard times and the enormous pensions paid to old soldiers; but," said he, "I think the main cause is the desire of all our young men to have a war of their own, so as to enable them to show that they are as good men as their fathers. At any rate," said he, "I am sure that our people will take the first opportunity that presents itself for going to war." Such was the American sentiment, according to a man well qualified to judge.

And we know how soon that sentiment was shown. Only a few months after, a United States Senator, from the other extremity of the country, published over his own signature an article entitled "Our Coming War With England," declaring that it was "inevitable," and that in it "a million of men and muskets will overrun Canada, and England's commercial ships will be swept from the ocean." Within a few weeks that little trouble about a boundary line in Venezuela aroused a cry for such a conflict. We kept our Christmas season of "peace on earth" by a general clamor for war; and after our press and people had just gone through a contortion of horror about a proposed pugilistic contest between two worthless fools down in Texas, we were eager to send several hundred thousand Christians into the ring, to blow each other to pieces in battles whose barbarity would make pugilism seem pious. Congress was ablaze. The Senator introduced his bill for those million rifles and kindred preparations, and a hundred million dollars to pay for them. Even the sacred chaplain of the House put in his prayer the petition, "May we be quick to resent anything like an insult"; and took pains to close the prayer with the phrase, "through Christ our Lord," as if such quick resentment were the true service of him who had ordered us to love our enemies and to forgive their insults 490 times. Even an honorable ex-governor was reported as saying that probably the war would embroil all the leading nations of Europe, as well as India, and "practically the whole world would be in conflagration;" but he added that the idea, though terrific, is "grand and magnificent." Some argued that besides being magnificent, it would be a needed moral tonic to the nation, and greatly improve even our spiritual character. Many papers held out the happy promise that the war would end with our capture and permanent possession of Canada; as if, while a shameful crime for England to steal a few square miles from Venezuela, it would be most praiseworthy for us to steal a thousand times as much from her. It was, you see, a standard of justice very like that of the storied savage who, when asked to illustrate his ideas of right and wrong, said it was wrong for another man to steal his cow, but right for him to steal all the cows of the other man.

That particular war ended in words. But the spirit remained, and when afterward Great Britain proposed that we unite with her in the promotion of world-peace by a general treaty of arbitration, our Congress refused, and did it largely out of hostility to her.

Still, as that Californian said, it did not make much difference what country we warred with, and this year

the foe has changed. Many of the people who so lately wanted to annihilate England, have this season fallen on her neck in a gush of affection, and have transferred their belligerence to a much safer contest with poor little worn-out Spain. The contest was of course carried on in the name of humanity; but it was evident that the real motive was more like the one in that chaplain's prayer, that we might be quick to resent insults. So quick we were, that before there was any insult or the slightest evidence that the Spaniards had anything to do with the destruction of our ship, the country clamored to avenge it, and the real cry of the war was "Remember the Maine." Indeed the insult seems to have been on the other side; and so eminent a writer as Goldwin Smith said that Spain not only offered most fairly to submit the question of that ship to an impartial tribunal, but paid due regard to all our demands, except what he called our "insulting summons to a proud and noble, though decayed, nation, to strike its flag," a summons "sure to force war." Still we felt an insult, and talked hardly so much about the suffering Cubans as about our "national honor." So, we proceeded to sustain our "honor" by slaughter, and to sooth our sorrow for the loss of those sailors by losing several times as many more. Of course, we loved the Cubans; that is, until we learned a little more about them, and found we might have to fight them too. But we did not love them so much as we hated the Spaniards. "To hell with Spain" was a favorite motto; and the news that her ships were sunk, and that hundreds of her sailors devotedly went down to death in the depths of the sea, rather than lower the colors of their country, sent flags flying in all our towns and cheers and jubilation through the land.

I would not underrate our motive of humanity, and there is nothing in our history more honorable than that desire to aid another people. But the humanity was marred by the method of it. Humanity does not wade in blood up to the horses' bridles, unless it is a clear case of necessity. Several papers have compared our work to that of the Good Samaritan, and I dare say the feelings of many were as kind. But when the Good Samaritan arms himself with thirteen-inch cannon and goes about the world sinking ships and bombarding cities; when, instead of pouring oil and wine into the wounds, he pours in shot and shell to make more; and when, instead of merely helping the man who had suffered robbery, he goes into the business himself and proposes to appropriate the whole Philippine islands, he seems departing from his New Testament model. For the curious thing in this case is that the very papers that talked most about "our generous sacrifice for humanity," quickly began to insist upon getting full pay for it and a goodly profit besides. After solemnly declaring that we were not after territory, they insist in taking a vast amount of it and entering upon a grand career of imperialism.

Of course, they consecrate this too by the name of "humanity," and even of religion; and talk of our solemn responsibilities and our sacred duty to submit to the plain purposes of God, and not to abandon the island which Providence has thus thrust upon us. Providence? Suppose I should arm myself with a dozen revolvers and attack some very small, weak and worn-out old man of Minneapolis, because one of his tenement houses in the slums was disorderly; suppose I should put several bullets

through him, and tell him that his wounds were the work of Providence and were proof that God was on my side; suppose that in compensation for my Christian work in wounding him, I should appropriate all his other tenement houses and hold them by my superior fire-arms; and suppose that, when he cried to have them back, I should wave my revolvers in his face religiously, and say: "No, sir; my sacred duty is to keep this rich property which Providence has thrust upon me, and not to shirk my solemn responsibilities to society and to God!" I think the poor old man would be justified in replying that my peculiar views of Providence were neither philosophic nor religious.*

I fear the imperialistic religion is not without alloy. In those recent times when we hated England instead of Spain, and could not say enough in censure of British imperialism, a noted American writer said the result of the British conquest of a pagan people in Africa was that the heathen got the Bible and the English got the land. Doubtless our American imperialists, after filling the islands with the Bible and our blessed politics, may be trusted to look after a fair part of the land and all of the offices. Nor can they logically stop with islands, if they adopt this principle of interference, but must feel the same religious duty to conquer and bless all lands, since they know that Americans could govern every country much better than its owners do. But after they have conquered and Americanized the earth, perhaps they will come back to our own country, and stop the burning of negroes, and various other evils which need reform quite as much as Cuba did.

But while we have thus been growing eager for war and for enlarging armies and navies, other nations have been growing anxious to avoid it, and even from Russia, which had been thought the one most dangerous to the world's peace, has come the call for a congress for international disarmament. Whatever the motive of that call, and whatever its result, it again prophesies that harmony of nations toward which progress moves. As a protest against the war system we hail it gladly. For that system, though having brought great good in the past, has brought more evil, and can bring little but evil in the future. It has brought the predominance of the powerful races, but by a most cruel process of selection; and the selection wanted henceforth is not by the rivalry of brute force or of bullets, but of brains. It has brought discipline, but henceforth men can be disciplined in better ways than by setting them to kill each other. It has cultivated physical bravery, just as bull-fights have; but has cultivated brutal feelings with it. Lord Lawrence's life tells how British officers in India used to gather about the gallows, to lounge and smoke and watch the death agonies of the prisoners hung there. Even the sainted Chinese Gordon wrote that when "the whole of Sebastopol was in flames," it was "a splendid sight," and the sun rising upon it "had a most beautiful effect"; and in the late war, I have seen papers calling the bombardment of Spaniards "fun for the boys." If wars do furnish so much "fun," they do not refine the feelings. I am no convert to the frequent teaching that fighting elevates

character, and that my moral and spiritual nature is to be ennobled by killing somebody.

Wars have sometimes put an end to great evils; but generally by worse evils of suffering, disease, death and sorrow, to say nothing of the material cost and waste. Some one figured that the mere money cost of our civil war would have bought and freed every slave, abolished slavery and saved the Union without any of that immense bloodshed and long bitterness after it, besides endowing a Yale and a Harvard in every state, and leaving a large balance; that, too, without counting the pensions, which are going to continue for a half century yet and to cost more than the war itself did. Nor is the money and life all the cost; but a wise man said the worst part of a war is in the twenty-five years of demoralization after it, in the derangement of the true standards of honesty and right. Our civil war showed it; and to-day, nothing but the war spirit would have led our country, after so solemnly declaring that it sought no territory, to fall so soon into a wild craze to annex the earth.

Even the greatest blessing of war, that union of nations through conquest, is no longer needed; for to-day the works of peace are uniting them far better. Knowledge is uniting them, and in the growth of intelligence the old animosities are fading. The industries are uniting them, and nearly all the nations of the earth have combined to make the mere watch in your pocket. Commerce is uniting them, so closely that the mere rumor of a war disturbs the markets around the earth, and Carlyle said the Winnipeg trapper could not quarrel with his squaw without sending up the price of pelts in England. Every invention, except those of war, is uniting them. The poet told how, at the laying of the first cable, the old barriers of ocean, space and time, shrank away, crying to the divided people "Be one!"

"We are one, said the nations, as hand met hand
In a thrill electric from land to land."

Or, as Whittier sang of the flashes through that cable:

"Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the sea so far,
The bridal robe of earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war."

Every ship, too, except the battleship, is such a shuttle; every railway train, with its merchandise and mail, adds another thread to that bridal robe of nations, and all we have to do is not to rend it. As Herbert Spencer wrote two years ago, to that international arbitration meeting in London, henceforth social progress is to come simply "by cessation from those antagonisms which keep alive the brutal element in human nature, and by persistence in a peaceful life which gives unchecked play to the sympathies. This," he continued, "I hold to be a political truth in comparison with which all other political truths are insignificant."

The exposition on yonder hill in Omaha reminds me of Victor Hugo's words, just twenty years ago, in an address which Parton calls "the most Christian thing spoken on earth since Christ." Standing in sight of the great International Exposition buildings in Paris, where the products of all nations were gathered in peaceful competition for the good of the world, and closing a plea for peace, he said: "No, it is not good to make corpses; it cannot be that women are to bear children in anguish, that men are to be born and communities to plow and

* On the day after this address was delivered, Carl Schurz, in a letter to the *New York Evening Post*, declared that our proposal to appropriate the Philippines "is a flagrant breach of faith in turning a soberly proclaimed war of humanity into a vulgar land-grabbing operation, glossed over by high-sounding cant about destiny and duty and what not."

sow, that industry is to perform its miracles, and genius execute its prodigies, that this vast human activity is to multiply its creations beneath the starry heavens, in order to produce that terrible international exposition called a battlefield." And as his surcharged emotion brought the vast audience to their feet, he added, closing his oration and pointing to the exposition buildings, "Behold the true field of battle!" That is the war we want, the peaceful battle of arts and industries, of thoughts and sentiments, to give victory to the best and vanquish the brutal, barbarous and base.

And in closing my address to this Congress of Religions, I might more fitly recall Hugo's words at that other meeting, of the International Peace Congress, which, he said, had come together "to turn if it may be, the last and most august page of the Gospel." He reminded them that it was St. Bartholomew's Day; and yet, there, almost beneath the shadow of the tower whence had rung the signal for that massacre, were now united Englishmen and Frenchmen, Germans and Italians, Europeans and Americans, Papists and Huguenots, in a brotherhood both of nations and religions. The progress was slow, but the signs were sure; and sure to come the time when, he said, "war will be dead, animosity will be dead, but man will live; for all there will be but one country, the whole earth; for all there will be one hope, the whole heaven."

England, France and Fashoda.

BY ELLEN ROBINSON.

The Fashoda dispute between Great Britain and France has ended peaceably; but such incidents, and still more the conditions in which they originate, are dangerous both to the material welfare and the moral tone of the nations.

We therefore appeal to the people whose interests are so deeply affected to consider how these dangers can be avoided in the future; and how, by the force of public opinion, a change may be brought about in the policy which leads up to them.

That the recent difficulty has not led to war between the two countries is due rather to the good sense of France in withdrawing from an untenable position, than to the wisdom or forbearance of Great Britain. The threatening and irritating speeches of some of our leading statesmen, the overbearing tone of many of the newspapers, and, above all, the hurried war preparations, were certainly not calculated to make for peace. It was universally assumed that this attitude towards our neighbors was justified, because France was clearly in the wrong. But are there no other methods of dealing with international mistake or wrong-doing than threats and violence? Was it quite worthy of a great civilized nation, and one professedly Christian, to rush into preparations for destruction and slaughter before the effect of friendly remonstrance and an appeal to justice had been fairly tried?

And granting that France was wrong in her action, was England right? Had either country any real claim to Fashoda? Had Egypt, in whose name it was annexed, any right to this territory? She claimed the Soudan by right of conquest only. This conquest took place during the first half of this century, under the cruel Mohammed Ali. Fashoda was occupied and administered by Egypt

for a comparatively short time. Not civilization—but slave-raiding and oppressive taxation, bloodshed, and untold misery were the results of Egyptian rule.

Even while acting as an officer of the Khedive in these regions, Gordon felt his conscience reproach him for subjecting the people of the Soudan to the rule of Egypt. He says, "I think, what right have I to coax the natives to be quiet, for them to fall into the hands of a rapacious Pasha after my departure?"

It was the iniquitous extortions of Turkish and Egyptian officials which were the cause of the Mahdi's success; the crowds who flocked to his banners did so in the hope of freeing themselves from their oppressors.

The former occupation of the Soudan by Egypt, by so-called right of conquest, is the foundation of our present claim to Fashoda. But can the right of conquest, though politically recognized, be morally justified? Whether effected by Egypt, Great Britain, or France, what else is conquest but robbery with violence? Territory can be obtained, and rightly obtained, by treaty, payment, or exchange; or by willing acquiescence on the part of the rightful inhabitants and owners; but to seize it forcibly, and mow down its inhabitants with shot and shell, is as criminal as robbery and murder in civil life. No plea of extending empire, of opening up new markets, of advancing civilization, or promoting Christianity, can justify conquest by war. By no excuse of deposing tyrants or dethroning inefficient rulers can a course of action be defended which means the slaughter of our fellow-men, the making of widows and orphans, the destruction of food, the burning of human habitations, and, finally, defiance of the whole moral law.

If, as appears to be the case, we are conquering the Soudan, not for Egypt, but for ourselves, are we not committing a double wrong? A wrong in destroying brave men, who, however barbarous, were yet struggling for faith and freedom,—for those things which all nations hold dear; and a wrong towards the Egyptians, in making use of their men and their money to gain fresh territory for ourselves? No benefits which good government under English direction has bestowed upon Egypt can justify our using her as a tool to extend our empire from Cairo to the Cape.

The query therefore arises, whether a share of that condemnation so liberally bestowed upon France for her methods of acquiring territory in Africa, might not justly fall upon ourselves. Have we any greater moral claim to Fashoda than the French?

Unless some more Christian method of dealing with native races be adopted, unless some higher standard of justice and equity rule amongst civilized governments, it may well be that before very long the stronger nations may come to blows over the spoils. Then ravaged Africa will indeed be avenged. Who can fully realize the conditions of a future European war? The widespread interests affected, the enormous cost, the ruin of commerce, the destructiveness of weapons and missiles, the numbers of wounded, and the impossibility of caring efficiently for the sufferers, will make such a war more terrible in its effects than any the world has ever known. Well may it be said, "A general war would be the outpouring of the seven vials of the Apocalypse upon the nations of Europe. It must be waged under conditions revolting to the kindly-hearted,